

The Desert TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 42.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1799.

VOL. I

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF COL. DAVID HUMPHREYS,

WHOEVER is much conversant with the History of Literature cannot fail to have observed an uniform tendency in men of genius to associate and link themselves together in some strong community and study of life. Point out to me a man distinguished in any of the walks of science, and I habitually inquire who are his companions. Authors will have persons of some congeniality of character or views with whom to consult; and generally they will seek at least one or two on whose judgment they can rely, even if they envy his or their genius.

The peculiar talents of Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Dwight, and the enthusiasm with which they cultivated the politer studies, attracted many elevated and amiable minds to their society. Among these some were incited to similar pursuits; and among the first was the subject of the present article.

David Humphreys was born at Derby, State of Connecticut, about the year 1752 or 53; was admitted into Yale College in 1767, and graduated in 1771. Of the circumstances of his early education I am ignorant; nor is my information relative to his collegiate life sufficiently minute to render it interesting. That he formed his acquaintance, at this time, with the Muses, and with his friends, Dwight and Trumbull, is certain; for, having entered the family of Col. Philips, of Philips's Mann, State of New-York, on leaving College, he addressed a poetical letter to the former, in which he displays, with great ease of narrative and minuteness of circumstance, his situation, plans, prospects, and wishes. This epistle was never published, and perhaps is not now in existence. How long Mr. Humphreys continued in this situation, and at what time, and with what rank he entered the American army, my recollection does not now enable me to determine. But, as early as 1778 he was Aid de camp to General Putnam, with the rank of Major: and in 1780, as he himself informs us, (in his poetical letter of April, 1780) he was promoted to be Aid de camp to the Commander in Chief, with the rank of Colonel. In the family of Gen. Washington he continued till the end of the War; and, after the resignation of his commission by the General, accompanied him to Virginia. On the appointment of Mr. Jefferson to succeed Dr. Franklin, as Ambassador to France, Colonel Humphreys was nominated as Secretary to the Legation; and he left his native country for the first time, and sailed for Europe, in company with his friend the celebrated and unfortunate Kosci-

usko, in the summer of 1784. This he pleasingly mentions in his epistle to Dr. Dwight, written on board of the *Courier de l'Europe*, the ship in which he left America.

"Him first, whom once you knew in war so well,
Our Polish Friend, whose name still sounds so hard,
To make it rhyme would puzzle any bard;
That youth, whom bays and laurels early crown'd,
In virtue, science, arts, and arms renown'd."

Col. Humphreys returned from Europe in 1786, and was almost immediately elected a representative from his native town, to the Connecticut Legislature; a situation to which he was re-elected the following year, and in which he honourably acquitted himself. At this time, Congress resolved on the levy of some additional regiments for the western service; and Col. Humphreys was appointed to the command of that which was raised in New-England. This appointment furnished him with employment till some time in 1788; when the occasion for which the levy had been made no longer existing, the corps was reduced and his commission terminated. But during this command, his time was principally spent at Hartford, in company with Mr. Trumbull, Barlow, Hopkins, and others of his friends; poetry and politics divided their attention; and the purposes of both were united and pursued in the publication of the *Anarchiad*, and the various pieces of wit and satire which distinguished that period.

After the reduction of his corps, Col. Humphreys made a visit to his illustrious friend at Mount Vernon. There, honoured with the confidence of its possessor, he remained till the organization of the new Government, and the election of Mr. Washington to the Presidency. He then accompanied the President to New-York, and was a member of his family till his public appointment to Portugal in 1790. From this period his life is known to every one attentive to American affairs. He is the present Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid; and his residence in Europe has only been interrupted by a hasty visit to America in the Autumn of 1794.

As a poet and a man of letters, if estimated by that ideal standard of excellence which every critic forms in his own mind, and which is lofty in proportion as his own conceptions are elevated and magnificent, Col. Humphreys will not occupy a station in the foremost rank; but, if in judging of his literary character, we compare him with the mass of his contemporaries, and consider the difficulties with which American genius had then, and even still has, to struggle, we shall not hesitate to assign him a respectable place among the poets of the present day. His poems, it is true, display none

of that originality of thought which at once delights and astonishes; none of that fiery enthusiasm which hurries us beyond the bounds of sober recollection,

—quod pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, molest, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus:—modo—Thebis, modo ponit
Athenis—

but they are every where (at least the principal poem) correct and pleasing; the verse flows with an easy and becoming grace; and the sentiments, except when the writer aims at a sublimity to which he has no claims, are adapted to the occasion, and bespeak an amiable and manly temper and understanding.

What first drew the attention of his countrymen towards Col. Humphreys, as a poet, was his "*Address to the Armies*," at a time when like Camden, "One hand the sword and one the pen employed." Few publications, whatever may have been their subject or their merits, have gained for their author a more sudden and surprising reputation; and the popularity with which it was attended in America followed it to Europe. The Marquis de Chastalleux honoured it by performing the office of its translator into French; and the English journals boldly challenged the author as a native of Britain. But much of this applause must be attributed to the circumstances of time and place; and the reader of the present day will find no reason for this unusual success of a poem, which, though handsome and spirited, has no peculiar claim to the admiration of the critic.

Col. Humphreys's next publication, of any note, was his poem "*On the Happiness of America*." The success of this publication was moderate but respectable. It did not raise, but it did not diminish the reputation of the author. This was followed by his "*Essay on the Life of General Putnam*," in 1788, and by his Tragedy, entitled "*The Widow of Malabar*," translated from the French, first played in May and published in August, 1790. Neither of these advanced the literary character of their author. The first was thought deficient in that ease and grace which biographical narration is supposed peculiarly to demand; and the second shared the fate of many other dramatic efforts of natives of the United States; it was decently received, but soon fell into neglect. It must be confessed, however, that the turgid frigidity of the original was very little improved in the translation; and that the interest which tragedy was intended to excite was overwhelmed, in this instance, by the disgust which so horrid a spectacle as the devotion of the heroine inspired. Nor was the disgust much alleviated by the "dry rupture" of the catastrophe.

ON PATIENCE.

SUCH is the folly of men in general, that they scarce ever rest satisfied with their condition, but are perpetually making complaints against unerring Providence. They bear with his afflictions with the greatest sorrow and reluctance, without once considering how justly they have merited them. To be possessor of a disconsolate mind is the most grievous fortune we can endure. However hard our lot may seem, yet by being discontented, we only render ourselves the more miserable. No mortals ought to grieve at the calamities which oppress them, but bear them with undaunted courage and resignation. This will alleviate their distress, expel all molesting cares, and affords them the pleasure of uninterrupted felicity. Alas! how weak and imprudent is it for people when overburdened with adversity, to be perpetually repining at their unhappy fate! Were we to live exempt from troubles, we should be puffed up with arrogance, and treat our fellow creatures with insolence and contempt. What is more ridiculous than to repine at injuries which we are by no means capable of redressing? By being disquiet with the deserved punishments of fate, we frequently rush into a state of melancholy despair. Patience and humility (those amiable and god-like virtues) are most ornamental to human nature. These are our only reviving comforts in all extremities; all hardships, heretofore, intolerable, are by these rendered light and easy. These distinguish all murmurs, free the bosom from inquietude, and make us relish the satisfactory joys of serenity and peace.

ON CONVERSATION.

THAT conversation may answer the ends for which it was designed, the parties who are to join in it must come together with a determined resolution to please, and to be pleased. If a man feels that an east wind has rendered him dull and sulky, he should by all means stay at home till the wind changes, and not be troublesome to his friends; for dullness is infectious, and one sour face will make many, as one cheerful countenance is soon productive of others. If two gentlemen desire to quarrel, it should not be done in a company met to enjoy the pleasures of conversation. It is obvious, for these reasons, that he who is about to form a conversation party should be careful to invite men of congenial minds, and of similar ideas respecting the entertainment of which they are to partake, and to which they must contribute.

With gloomy persons, gloomy topics likewise should be (as indeed they will be) excluded, such as ill-health, bad weather, bad news, or forebodings of such, &c. To preserve the temper calm and pleasant, it is of unspeakable importance that we always accustom ourselves through life to make the best of things, to view them on their bright side, and so represent them to others, for our mutual comfort and encouragement. Few things (especially if, as christi-

ans, we take the other world into account) but have a bright side; diligence and practice will easily find it. Perhaps there is no circumstance better calculated than this to render conversation equally pleasing and profitable.

In the conduct of it, be not eager to interrupt others, or uneasy at being yourself interrupted; since you speak either to amuse or instruct the company, or to receive those benefits from it. Give all, therefore, leave to speak. Hear with patience, and answer with precision. Inattention is ill-manners; it shews contempt; contempt is never forgiven.

Trouble not the company with your own private concerns, as you do not love to be troubled with those of others. Yours are as little to them, as theirs are to you. You will need no other rule whereby to judge of this matter.

Contrive, but with dexterity and propriety, that each person may have an opportunity of discoursing on the subject with which he is best acquainted. He will be pleased, and you will be informed. By observing this rule, every one has it in his power to assist in rendering conversation agreeable; since, though he may not choose or be qualified, to say much himself, he can propose questions to those who are able to answer them.

Avoid stories, unless short, pointed and quite *apropos*. He who deals in them, says Swift, must either have a very large stock, or a good memory, or must often change his company. Some have a set of them strung together like onions; they take possession of the conversation by an early introduction of one; and then you must have the whole rope; and there is an end of every thing else, perhaps, though you may have heard all twenty times before.

Talk often but not long. The talent of haranguing in private company is insupportable. Senators and barristers are apt to be guilty of this fault; and members, who never harangue in the house, will often do it out of the house. If the majority of the company be naturally silent, or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects. Forbear, however, if possible, to broach a second before the first is out, lest your stock should not last, and you should be obliged to come back to the old barrel. There are those who will repeatedly cross upon, and break into the conversation with a fresh topic, till they have touched upon all, and exhausted none. Economy here is necessary for most people.

Laugh not at your own wit and humour; leave that to the company.

When the conversation is flowing in a serious and useful channel, never interrupt it by an ill-timed jest. The stream is scattered, and cannot be again collected.

Discourse not in a whisper, or half voice, to your next neighbour. It is ill-breeding, and, in some degree, a fraud; conversation-stock being, as one has well observed, a joint and common property.

In reflections on absent people, go no further than you would go if they were present. 'I resolve,' says bishop Beveridge, 'never to speak of a man's virtues to his face, nor of his faults behind his back; a golden rule! the observation of which would, at one stroke, banish flattery and defamation from the earth.'

FOR THE DESSERT.

A YOUNG LADY'S

MORNING-EJACULATION,

TO thee O goddess fashion I address myself
To thee my diurnal orisons ascend. Oh, condescend to hear and assist thy suppliant votary. Thou mutable and ever varying deity, fleeting and transitory goddess, I invoke thine aid. What estimable attributes decorate thy person! What fugitive hues and evanescent tints glitter on thy robes!—Not sluggish or inert, not circumscribed by any dull mechanic rule, thou art sweetly ductile and gloriously versatile. What power can resist thy potent sway? Nature is inverted at thy mandate, and a new modelled creation of animals rise at thy command? Deign, bright sovereign of my humble, but ardent wishes, to favour my approaching efforts; and consecrate my person, by thy indulgent and benignant smiles.

N.

FOR THE DESSERT.

A FRAGMENT.

.....—"Too cruel Edwin, cannot the agonizing pangs of my bleeding heart move thy pity or thy love"—Cried the frantic Julia—whilest her aged father, bending with years and accumulated woe hung over the miserable couch—where extended lay the faded form of his once lovely child—tears of anguish stole down his hollow cheeks—and grief choked his trembling voice as he strove to comfort her afflicted soul—the grasps his hand—steadfastly, gazes in the old man's face and seems to recognize those features—her disordered mind—imagined her seducers—a hollow groan burst from her sickened bosom—and disappointment was strongly depicted in her countenance.

Night's sable wings had overspread all nature—all was silent as the tomb—on a worm eaten chair, beside the bed, a glimmering taper threw its light around the abode of misery and despair—a faint ray rested upon the face of Julia, discovered her eye sunk and rolling in the wildness of his distraction—at this moment a noise is heard—the old man crawls to the door—Edwin enters, flies to the dying Julia—she raises her head—smiles and expires.....

The Dessert.

The following is extracted from a sermon, preached by the Ordinary of Newgate, after the escape of JACK SHEPHERD, a felon of notorious memory. It tends to shew how any thing may be spiritualized by an ingenious or enthusiastic preacher.

"WHAT amazing difficulties has he overcome! what astonishing things has he performed, for the sake of a miserable stinking old carcass not worth the hanging! how dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail—how manfully he burst his chains asunder—how intrepidly did he climb up the chimney, wrench out an iron bar, break his way through a stone wall, and make the doors of a dark entry fly before him till he got up to the leads of the prison—and then fixing a blanket to the wall with the spike he stole out of the chapel, how resolutely did he descend to the top of the turnkey-house, and how cautiously pafs down the stairs and make his escape at the street door!

Oh! that ye were all like JACK SHEPHERD!—Mistake me not, my brethren, I mean not in a carnal but in a spiritual sense, for I mean to SPIRITUALIZE these things. What a shame would it be if we did not think it worth while to take as much pains and employ as many deep thoughts to save our souls, as he has done to preserve his body? Let me exhort you then to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance, burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts, mount the chimney of hope, and take from thence a bar of good resolution, break through the stone wall of despair, and all the strong holds of the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; raise yourselves to the leads of Divine Meditation, fix the blanket of truth with the spike of the church, let yourselves down to the turnkey's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility: so shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner, THE DEVIL, who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

MORAL.

"Foppery attones
For folly—gallantry for every vice."

Cowper.

The ladies, for whom I feel the highest respect and veneration will please to peruse with candour and attention the subsequent observations: if they are founded in reason, and display "things as they are," let them sink deep into their hearts, and have an influence upon their lives.

That the female sex have it in their power to mould into whatever form they choose, the "Lord of the creation," is a truth irrefragable and indisputable.—In tracing the vices, follies, and excesses of Youth, to what source are we more frequently led, than that of a wish to amuse the fancy, and captivate the hearts of females. Who are then the objects most deserving of censure. If females suffer their hearts to be possessed by libertines is it not tacitly acknowledging the conduct of their lovers to be pleasing and consonant to their wishes: How miserable an opinion must we have of the sex, if it were

not sometimes the case that the wife and prudent conduct of the wife, rectifies the irregularities of the husband and refines him down to the purest continence.—But though these instances are rare, yet when they occur, the credit due for such exalted actions will overbalance a multitude of blemishes. Would females turn with indignation at the prattle of fops and the artful conversation of the dissolute—would they thus discountenance frippery, and reject with scorn the solicitations, and avoid with care the company of the licentious, what a check would it give to the most degrading passions in nature; it would be a death wound to vice, and at the same time yield to its destroyers the most sublime pleasure.

When these gaudy striplings,—these buzzing butterflies find they are received with coldness, and treated with neglect by those who once courted their company it will be very natural for them to attempt seeking the reason for so extravagant a change, and when once discovered, will they not immediately accommodate their persons to the eye, and their discourse to the ear of those, whose favour and friendship it is their ambition to obtain. When they find that genius attracts notice and insures esteem, and that inattention is the reward of insipidity, will they not be incited to a vigorous application, in order to attain these requisites for an agreeable and instructive companion.

Lovers, "like tender oozers, take the bow."
"And as their Delia's order, so they "grow."

If, ladies, it is in your power so completely to transform vice into virtue, so entirely to eradicate from the bosoms of youth those passions, which if uncontrolled, spread misery far and wide." can you too soon commence so glorious a work? Can you too soon extricate from the labyrinths of infamy, the deluded victims of folly and fashion?—If you will inflexibly pursue this plan, ere long, the sweet reflection of having rescued *the man of your heart—the partner of your joys*, from the paths of vice, will increase in your hearts sensations inexpressibly delightful, such as "nothing earthly ever can destroy.

THE FIERY ORDEAL; A Judicial Anecdote.

TOWARDS the end of the Greek Empire at Constantinople, a general who was an object of suspicion to his master, was urged to undergo the fiery proofs of the Ordeal by an archbishop, a subtle courtier. The ceremony was this; three days before the trial the patient's arm was enclosed in a bag, and secured by the royal signet; he was expected to bear a red-hot ball of iron three times, from the altar to the rails of the sanctuary, without artifice and injury. The general eluded the experiment with pleasantry. 'I am a soldier,' said he, 'and will boldly enter the lists with my accusers; but a layman a sinner like myself, is not endowed with the gift of miracles. Your piety, holy prelate, may deserve the interposition of heaven, and from your hands I will receive a fiery globe, the test of my innocence.' The archbishop stared, the emperor smiled, and the general was pardoned.

FUGITIVE TRIFLES.

EVERY species of vice originates either from insensibility, from want of judgment, or from both. No maxim can be more true than that all vice is folly. For either by vice we bring

misery more immediately on ourselves, or we involve others in misery; if any one bring evil on himself, it is surely folly; if his present pleasure be to make others miserable, were he to escape every other punishment, he would suffer for it by remorse, for it is a certain proof he is deprived of that sense or sympathy which is the opposite to dullness; in either of which cases it is evident that all vice is folly.

Whatever pleasures are immediately derived from the sense, persons of fine internal feelings enjoy, besides their other pleasures; while such as place their chief happiness in the former, can have no true taste for the delicious sensations of the soul.

BIBLE CALCULATIONS.

Books, in the Old	In the New, 27.	Total, 66.
Testament, 39		
Chapters, - - 929	260 - - -	1,189
Verses, - - 23,214	7959 - - -	31,173
Words, - 592,439	181,253 - -	773,692
Letters, 2,728,100	838,380 - -	3,566,480

APOCRYPHA.

Chapters 133, Verses 6,081, Words 152,185.

The middle chapter, and least in the Bible, is Psalm 117.

The middle verse is the 8th of the 118th Psalm.

The middle time is the 2d of Chronicles, 4th chap. 16th verse.

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament. 35,543 times.

The same in the New Testament occurs 10,684 times.

The word, implying "Jehovah" occurs 6,855 times.

OLD TESTAMENT.

The middle book is Proverbs; the middle chap. is Job. 29th.

The middle verse is 2d Chronicles, 2d chap. between 17th and 18th verse.

The least verse is 1st Chronicles, 1st chap. an 1st verse.

NEW TESTAMENT.

The middle book is Thessalonians 2d.

The middle chap. is between the 13th and 14th Romans.

The middle verse is 17th chap. Acts, 17th verse.

The least verse is 11th chap. John, 35th verse.

The 21st verse of 7th chap. Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th chap. of 2d Kings and 37th chap. Isaiah are alike.

N. B. The above took three years in casting.

This shews the proportion of letters to a word to be as four and an half to one.



POOR TOM.

*A Tale, founded on fact, from "Tales of the Hay"
by Peter Pindar, (Just published.)*

NOW the rage of battle ended,
And the French for mercy call;
Death no more, in smoke and thunder,
Rode upon the vengeful Ball.

Yet, what brave and Loyal Heroes
Saw the Sun of morning bright—
And condemn'd by cruel fortune
Ne'er to see the Star of night.

From the main-deck to the quarter,
Strew'd with limbs and wet with blood,
Poor Tom Halliard, pale and wounded,
Crawl'd, where his brave Captain stood,

"Oh, my noble Captain tell me,
"E're I'm born a corpse away,
"Have I done a seaman's duty,
"On this great and glorious day?

"Tell a dying sailor truly,
"For my life is fleeting fast,
"Have I done a seaman's duty,
"Can there ought my mem'ry blast?

"Ah brave Tom!" the Captain answered,
"Thou a sailor's part hast done;
"I revere thy wounds with sorrow—
"Wounds by which our Glory's won."

"Thanks, my Captain, life is ebbing
"Falt from this deep-wounded heart—
"But, Oh grant one little favor,
"Ere I from the world depart.

"Bid some kind and trusty sailor,
"When I'm number'd with the dead,
"For my dear and constant CATH'INE,
"Cut a look from this poor head.

"Bid him to my CATH'INE give it,
"Saying, her's alone I die!
"Kate will keep the mournful present,
"And embalm it with a sigh.

"Bid him, too, this letter bear her,
"Which I've penn'd with parting breath;
"Kate may ponder on the writing,
"When the hand is cold in death."

"That I will," reply'd the Captain,
"And be ever Cath'rine's friend,
"Ah, my good and kind Commander,
"Now my pains and sorrows end."

Mute, towards his captain, weeping,
Tom uprais'd a thankful eye—
Grateful then his foot embracing,
Sunk, with Kate on his last sigh.

Who that saw a scene so mournful
Could without a tear depart?
He must own a savage nature—
Pity never warm'd his heart.

Now in his white hammock shrouded,
By the kind and pensive Crew,
As he dropt into the Ocean,
All burst out—"Poor Tom, adieu!"

ELEGY.

FAIR rose the morn in lucid mantle dress'd,
And not a cloud obscur'd her brow serene;
Nature's sweet face a thrilling sense impress'd,
Of peerless beauty, and a cheerful mein.

Glow'd every crimson with a deeper red,
Chrystals were pendant from each fragrant thorn;
And while each blossom to the sun beam spread,
Collected sweets on every gale were borne:

Beauty on beauty crouded on the eye,
Above, below, around enlarging wide;
Till full orb'd glory soar'd meridian high,
And ripe fruition every wish supply'd.

But frail's the regent of the glorious light!
Scarce had he bid the parting morn adieu,
When the glad prospect vanish'd from my sight,
And the wing'd tempest o'er the Eden flew.

Onward it swept, with wild destructive rage,
And every beauty, tyrant like destroy'd;
From vision blotted was the sweetest page,
That ever truth or fancy had enjoy'd!

The smile diffusive from the source of day,
That added lustre to the summer's pride;
Thus long ere evening wore the gloomy grey!
And thunder-smit, the with'ring landscape dy'd.

View here, fond man, the type of human life,
Thy glowing dawn, thy noon, thy evening grey:
Tho' wealth may place thee 'bove a menial strife,
And soothing flattery pour the softest lay.

High as the noon should expectation soar,
And hope diffusive as its radiance spread;
Storms from the south may unportentous pour,
And envy burst a tempest on thy head.

E'er should a genius of Miltonic kind
Raise thee superior to the sons of pride:
Once to pale penury's rude gripe consign'd,
Thy genius sinks, thy merits are deserv'd!

For riches are criterions of the world,
When thou art wretched, wretched are thy parts,
Poor merit must from favor e'er be hurl'd,
Or ey'd suspicious by inhuman hearts.

Altho' its dawn was as the ruby bright,
And flaming glories deck'd its riper day,
One cloud may veil them from a common sight,
When few will soothe, for thou no more art gay.

Thus sings the muse; and may her skilful lore
Dwell on the memory of th' unwary wight;
Teach him an independence to implore,
And wave the curse of want and lawless might.

THOUGHT.

SWEET are the dewy tears of morn.
Which drop profusion in the show'r;
And sweet the incense-breathing gale,
Which scatters fragrance from the flow'r,

But trifling such poor charms appear;
Can these with Nature's feelings vie?
Much sweeter is the falling tear;
More grateful still—the heaving sigh!

ELIZA'S TOMB.

A FRAGMENT.

..... I reclined against a tomb-
stone—Oh! thou silent grave, thou an-
nious repository of death, within thy dark
gloomy realms this weary body longs to be
mured. In thee, misfortune came; would
tyrant man inflict such poignant sorrows, na-
ture has departing breath.

Scarce have I lived, while eld and summer
have robb'd the earth in green, or the im-
mortal orb has bent beneath their cumbrous
load, and yet has man destroy'd my sunny
dispos'd my youthful spring of every joy, and
froze in adamantine bonds the pulse of
of my soul. But let no murmuring be
even heaven itself compels to yield to the
wretch—Hark! perch'd on yon bending
that waves in solemn majesty o'er the
tomb of ELIZA, how the sportive robin
his melodious notes; the groves resound, the
meadows ring with harmony. Oh! my friend,
and is thy lovely form now mouldering in
grave; those eyes that sparkled like the dew
star of eve, now sunk inanimate within their
loathsome sockets, and thy tender bosom chilled
of its warm perceptions by the cold icy hand
of death? Yes! she is no more—her virtues
swell the bosom of the tomb.

Ye happy moments that convey'd our joys, no
more ye shall behold our loves; ye blissful
scenes that witnessed our pure raptures, no
more I press ELIZA to my bosom within your
peaceful shade—I fly!—In distant climes
sequestered from the world I fondly hope to
be at peace—to live forgotten, and to die un-
known.

ANGER.

It was a memorable saying of Peter the Great,
"I have civilized my country, but I cannot ci-
vilize myself." He was at times vehement and
impetuous, and committed excesses; yet we learn
that even he was known to tame his anger, and
to rise superior to the violence of his passions.
Being one evening in a select company, when
something was said which gave him great offence,
his rage suddenly kindled, and rose to it's ut-
most pitch though he could not command his
first emotions, he had resolution enough to leave
the company. He walked bare-headed for some-
time under the most violent agitation, in an in-
tense frosty air, stamping on the ground and
beating his head with all the marks of the greatest
fury and passion; and did not return to the com-
pany until he was quite composed.